HUNTING

SHOOTING

FISHING

A · SPORTING GARLAND

PICTURED · IN · COLOUR BY · CECIL · ALDIN

LONDON SANDS & CO

Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

A·SPORTING GARLAND

PICTURED
BY
CECIL ALDIN

LONDON: SANDS & Co.

"In the Open."

1
FOX-HUNTING
A-HUNTING-WE-WILL-GO
BY
HENRY FIELDING

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn:
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.

And a-hunting we will go.

THE wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to-day."

Yet a-hunting we will go.

WAY they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.

Yet a-hunting we will go.

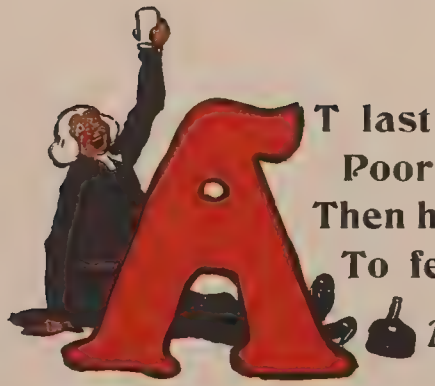
Cecil Aldin
1900

LY Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.

Then a-hunting we will go.

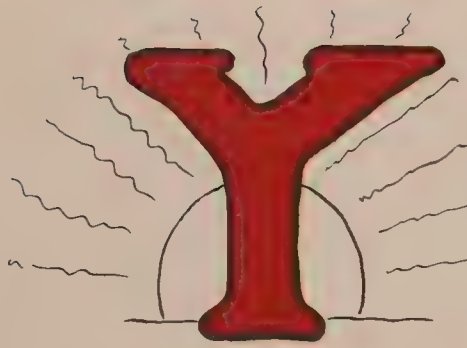
FOND Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky.

When a-hunting we do go.



AT last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.

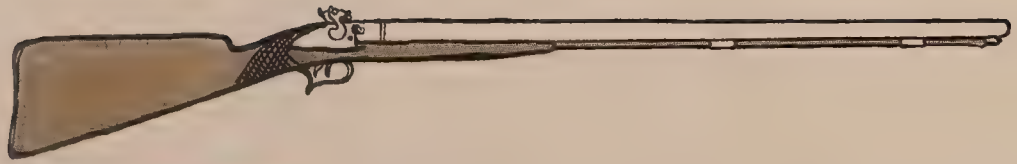
And a-drinking we do go.

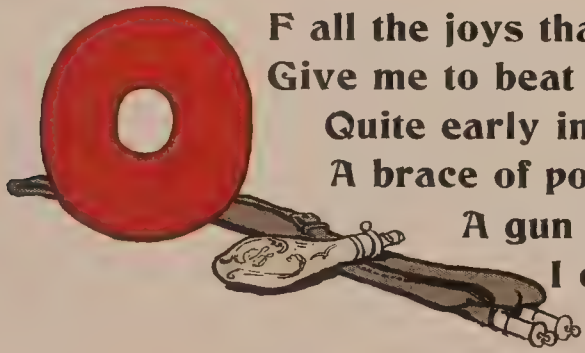


YE jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace.

When a-hunting we do go.

SHOOTING
THE · JOYS · OF · FOWLING

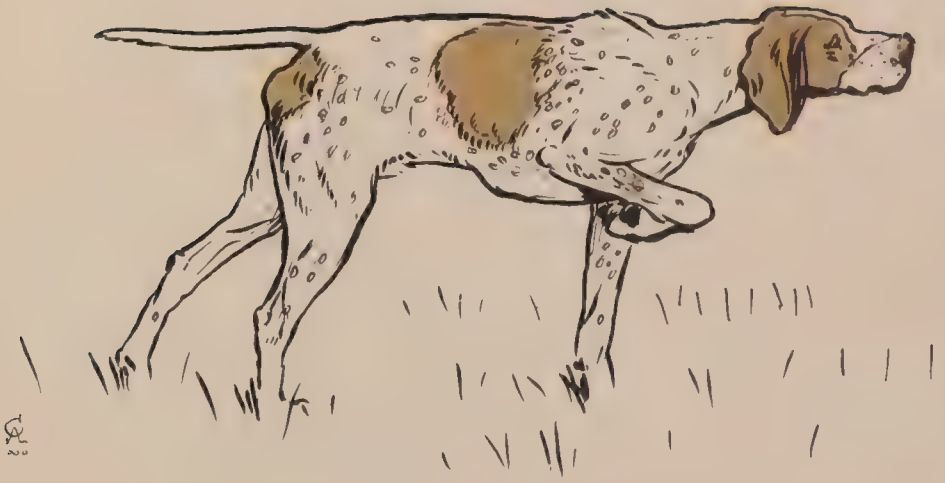




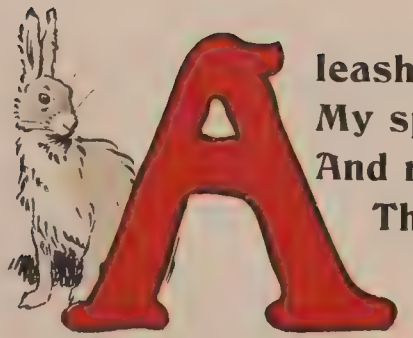
F all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to beat the stubble fields,
Quite early in September:
A brace of pointers, staunch and true,
A gun that kills whate'er I view,
I care not whether old or new,
Are things one must remember.

"THE FIRST."

LD Ponto makes a famous point,
As marble stiff, in ev'ry joint.
I cautiously proceed,
When quickly up the covey fly–
Bang, Bang–both barrels then I try–
And lo! a brace before me die,
The shooter's richest mead.



I F hares I want for friends in town,
I can tell where to knock them down,
Within the furze-bush cover.

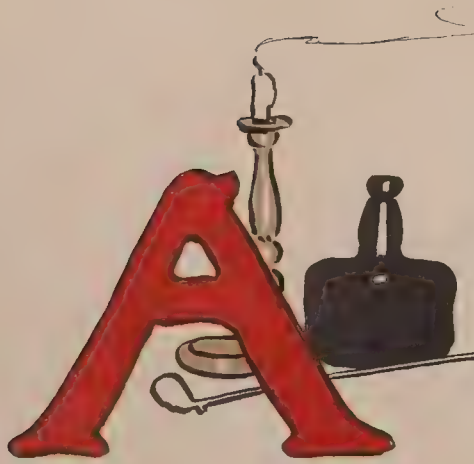


leash I bag, then homeward go,
My spirits all in joyous flow,
And more delight, I'm sure, I know,
Than doth a beauty's lover.

1900

IN wintry woods, when leaves are dead,
And hedges beam with berries red,
The pheasant is my spoil.

ENC'D with high gaiters out I go,
And beat through tangled bushes low;
Each joy of mine my spaniels know,
Though wand'ring many a mile.



T night return'd, my bag well fill'd,
Perchance four brace of pheasants kill'd,
I sit me down in peace,
And envy not ambition's cares,
Nor e'en the crown a monarch wears,
Such joys as mine he seldom shares
Oh, may that joy ne'er cease.

"A Likely Spot"

FISHING
THE · ANGLER'S · SONG

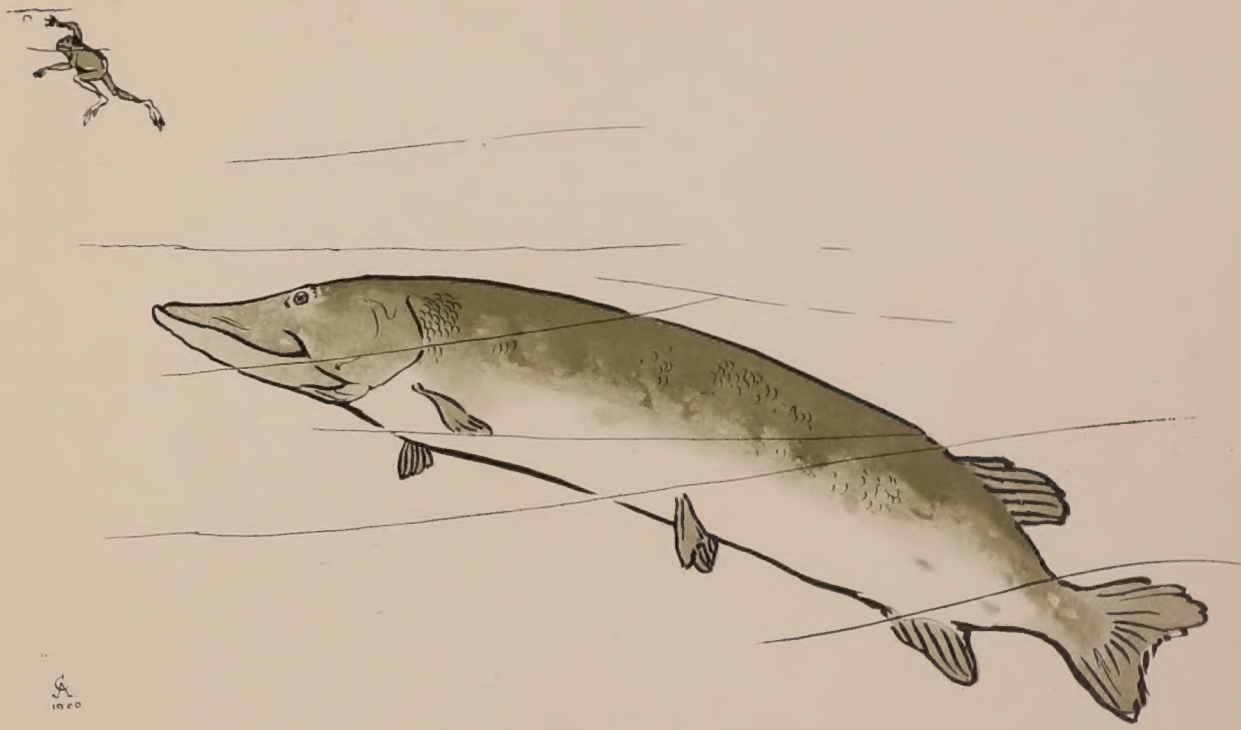
S inward love breeds outward talk,–
The hound some praise; and some the hawk;
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy,–while I freely fish.

WHO hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games, shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love,
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare:
My angle breeds me no such care.

F recreation there is none
So free as fishing is, alone;
All other pastimes, do no less
Than mind and body, both, possess:
My hand alone my work can do;
So, I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas:
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate.
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

ND when the tim'rous trout I wait
To take; and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.



PRINTED
IN THE
CITY OF NOTTINGHAM
BY
THOS. N. STORER, SONS & Co.
LONDON:
119, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.